

THE

11631.2.82

M A R R O W

OF THE

Tickler's Works,

O R,

Three Shillings worth of Wit for a Penny.



B A L L A D.

Script. Lewis
(To the Tune of *Derry-down.*)

There is more Liquor in a Quart of Small-Beer, for an Halfpenny,
than in a Pint of Wine, for a Shilling.

TICKLER, N^o 8.

Printed in the Year 1748.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

IT has ever been the Practice of the most *famed* and *laborious* Authors, (by an Apology for the Manner, and Recommendation of the Matter, of their Book) to prepare the Reader, to be favourably inclined to it, before he looks into it: For *true Worth* is ever accompanied by a virtuous *Modesty*, which makes it *diffident* of itself. I should be wanting to myself, then, and to the Respect I owe my Patron, did I not send forth this little *Abstract* of his Works, in all the *Pomp* they deserve.

The Eyes, of the *Vulgar*, are apt to be caught by *Appearances*: And, though *good Liquor needs no Buis*; yet he, that does not hang one out, will find his Drink grow stale upon his Hands. There was a Time, when the *virtuous* only were *honoured*; and *Marks of Distinction* none dare wear, that had not *justly deserved* them: Not *Gold*, but noble *Actions*, could then *purchase* Titles, nor would any assume them, upon any other Terms. But, *French Poppery and Vanity* have gone deeper than the outside Dress; the *English Heart* has changed its *noble Scorn of undeserved Pomp*, for *sordid Love of Flattery and Shew*: And, since the *Ass* is so often heard to bray in the Spoils of the *Lyon*; and the *Wolf* so often prouls, under Cover of the *Lamb's* Cloathing; it is not to be wondered, the *simple and undiscerning* should be persuaded, that it is not every Man, that wears the *Laurel*, is a Warriour; and that the *Doctor's Hood* does sometimes cover the Head of an *ignorant Coxcomb*. Were there not so many *Impostors* and *Knaves*, in every Profession; it would not be so difficult, for *Industry and Merit*, to advance, or even support itself; when it has not the helping Hand of powerful *Interest*, to hold it up; nor the Glare of *Grandeur*, to recommend it. Hence it is, that some *noble Lords, wise Judges, pious Prelates, and brave Commanders* (were they not protected, by the *Awe and Magnificence, of Authority and Attendance*) would be no more respected, than the *meanest Rascals, basest Villains, most abandoned Profligates, and cowardly Poltroons*. And, on the contrary,

Who is there, has not known,----that an *Oration* (though a *Rhapsody*, of affected *Nonsense*, and fawning Absurdities) has been extolled, with all the Praise, a *flattering News-monger* could give it? (so much abused is the Instrument of honest Fame, and the Conveyancer of Truth)--- and this, merely because it was spoken in the Presence of the Government, and by the *Vice-Provost* of a College. Who does not, every Week, see a pompous *Advertisement*, setting forth the Elegance, and Merit of *Volumes*, that have not one instructive or entertaining Paragraph in them; and proclaiming the great Esteem, which they are said to be in, though they neither ever met with, or deserved any? Many an excellent *Sermon* is preached to empty Pews, and lost in Obscurity in the Country; unregarded, because delivered by a *Curate*; and he unrewarded and neglected, through Want of Money to purchase, or of Friends to get him, a *Benefice*: While a dull Heap of unintelligible *Cant*, or tedious Round of incoherent *Enthusiasm*, sets the Old Women a-sleep, or a-crying, through Admiration; and is cried up for a *fine Discourse*; because the doating Head of the Author, is loaded with a *Mitre*: though an innocent Creature, that often says many as just Things, but never does any so criminal, is hooted and laughed at; because, rather than go naked, he wears the *Livery* of a *Fool*. Would People consider, they would find----a *Motto* on a *Coach*, no more a Sign of Honesty or Wit; than a *Badge* on the Breast, or an Inscription on the Back. A *Cap with Bells* has often covered, as wise, and justly *Noble* an Head, as a *Coronet*, or an *Hat and Feather*; and a *Coat*, laced with *Gold*, has often been seen, on no better a Man, than one, diversified with *Rags and Patches*.

It is not then, to explain, or illustrate the Productions, of my *inimitable* Author; that I trouble myself, or my Reader, with this *prefatory* Address: Such an Undertaking were *ridiculous*; --- who can add to the Splendor of the Sun? or, who need tell the World, "it is Day when it shines"? --- But, the Multitude---- who may not (it is likely) have a *Relish*, for such an uncommon Piece of *Curiosity*; would be apt to despise, what (they saw) the Author did not think, worth the usual Equipage. A *Preface* and *Dedication*, are as necessary to a new Book, as trifling *Preliminaries*, to a new kind of *Peace*; or a *Lying NO*, to a *Bishoprick*: So great is the Prevalence of *Fashion* and *Fancy*, over *Truth* and *Reason*. There is no Accounting, for the unhappy Liking, and wild Opinions of Mankind. *Fancy* (that writhes the Features of *MILL CUSHION*) may mistake the *TICKLER's* Wit, for *Phrenzy*; •

his Sense, for *Folly*; his Learning, for pert *Affectation*; and his generous Satyr, for *malicious* impudent *Scandal*. Had he not written his *TICKLERS*, it is more than probable, even the most judicious and discerning would never have taken him, for a Man of *Letters* or *Parts*: His great *Talents* would have been buried in *Ignorance*, and the *Fire* of his true *Genius* burned in *Obscurity*: None would have suspected him, for the least Acquaintance with the *Structure* and *Passions* of *Man*; had not Mr. HOEY (to his great *Credit* and *Advantage*) published his *REFLECTIONS* on them: And----perhaps----had he not taken so much Pains, to rescue himself from *Night* and *Infamy*; his *Name* would never be so much, as mentioned; at least, to his *Honour*.

Left then his *Merit*, now it is offered to publick Consideration, should suffer as much from *Mistake*, as it well-nigh had, from *Neglect*, before it was forced into our View: Left this bright *Luminary*, now it has risen in our Hemisphere, should force Men, to shut their Eyes, rather than gaze on it, in all its *glaring Lustre*: I thus presume to interfere. A *sullied Glass* (though, not so fully, and in such Strength) may shew it, more distinctly; and enable the World, to see the Attempts of *Envy*, to *eclipse* his *Glory*. Who views at once the whole "Blue Vault, animated by the Silver Rays, of Stars innumerable," is lost in Wonder: But, when the *Telescope* points out each separate *Light*, its various Beauties are all seen; and the Pleasure is the more tolerable, and the more perfectly enjoyed, the less it is confused by Rapture and Amaze.

This is the Reason, why (*Prometheus* like) I take, from this *Sun of Fame*, those bright *Sparks*, that animate my (else Lifeless) *Work*. And, that it may not be thought, I impose them on the World, as my own; or attribute the *Credit* of them to any but himself; I have, by Marginal Notes, referred the Reader, to the very Place, in which it will be seen, that I do him Justice, and that *these Beauties* are *genuine*, and *his own only*. Though (perhaps) this may be needless:----as none can write like him,----any Thing of *his* cannot pass, undistinguished from any Rubbish it may be buried in.

But----besides the Uses, already mentioned to arise, from such an Abridgment as this----I had This farther, in my View.----There are some ill-natured People, (to-be-sure) who will envy the *unspotted Reputation*, he has laboured to acquire, by *unmatched Performances* in *Physic* and *Poetry*; and who will endeavour to cast a Blemish on them. But, though they cannot

The P R E F A C E.

not (perhaps) prove them *trifling* or *hurtful*, nor (as is the Custom of malicious Critics) charge them with *Incoherence*, *Inconsistence*, or any Sign of *Madness* or *Stupidity*; yet they will attempt to turn them into *Ridicule*: ---- So hazardous is it, to *dare* to be *singular*, whether in the Right or Wrong. He, assured of his own Want of all Blemish, I know, will scorn to refute their Objections, or disappoint their Spleen: --- The Viper, that licks the File, wastes but his own Blood, and hurts himself: --- He that attacks what is absolutely perfect, is equally contemptible, as one, that sets about to expose the Faults, of *one entire Group of Deformity*. When HE declines the Fight, then who can hope to stop the insulting Foe; unless PATROCLUS assume the Armour of ACHILLES, and put them to Flight? His own Merit is the strongest Bulwark, for the Defence of his Fame; and some of *his own Works*, the best *Sop*, that can be thrown into the Jaws of barking Envy.

The TICKLER's Reflections being all collected, and reduced to this small Compass, will be of more universal Effect; and serve as *Matches to kindle Reflection in the unthinking* to many more: --- For, the low Price will recommend it to some *OEconomical Criticks*, who complain, that they have "more for Sixpence, in the MAGAZINE;" and others, before willing, will now be able too, to purchase it. Indeed, few are unwilling to part with their Money; but, fewer know, on what to lay it out. *Thrift and Industry*, together left this ill: and Wealth, *ill-gotten*, is generally as badly spent. Hence it is, so many are at greater Expences, to gratify their *Luxury*, and feed their corrupt *Appetites*, than their despised *Understanding*; and, to dress a rotten deformed Body, than, to cure or set off by any Ornament, a diseased and distorted Mind: Hence those, who give a Relish, for *false Honour*, and *mistaken Elegance*, and who teach the Arts of *Poppery* and *Fighting*, meet with greater Encouragement, and are more highly rewarded; than Men, of *Letters* and *Probity*, for *forming the Character*, and *truly refining the Man*. --- It is impossible, They can afford three Shillings, for the TICKLER's Book; who have already thrown away so much, as CLARISSA costs them: And those, who reserve their Money, for such despised Amusements, as *Swift* and *Madison*; will think it Extravagance, I fear, even to buy this.

As for my publishing this *Epitome of Excellence*, in Rhyme; --- I did it, for the same Reason, as prompted me to write it at all. --- Who can contemplate, at one View, a whole

C O L O S.

Colossus? And if the *Miniature* be not portable, it is made in vain. --- I think it would be a *wondrous Pity*, the *Reflections* of Mr. HIFFERNAN were not universally known; and therefore have done all in my Power, to have them in *every Body's Mouth*. *Musick* conveys a Thought that else would never be heeded; and the *Gingle*, of *Verse* and *Rhyme*, helps *Memory*. For this Cause, *Prophecies* and the *Golden Reflections* of *Pythagoras*, and other Philosophers of old, were written in *Verse*: And for this Cause, have I metamorphosed the *more than precious Reflections* of the TICKLER, into a *Ballad*. Had not the *Muses* dress'd the *Iliad*, so many Nations would not have contended for the fancied Honour of HOMER's Birth: Had not TYRTÆUS sung his animating Exhortations, his Advice would not have been followed, nor the Enemy put to Flight. CASSANDRA's Fate will generally attend all that speak Truth in *Prose*. Were the *Addresses*, of a true Freeman and Patron, to his Fellow-Citizens, penned with a Quill of PEGASUS; I would not so much doubt their Success, as I now do, though they be written in the best Style, the present Growth of this City affords. *Poetry* is a better Recommendation to most People now-a-days than *Sense*; as well as the Sound and Glitter of a Purse of *Gold*, than the Elegance of a judicious *Oration*; and the Magnificence of the *Coach*, that carries a Man to *Parliament*, than the manifest Possession of those Virtues, and Qualities, *which alone can truly entitle him to a Seat there*. --- But --- My Author's Book shall not labour under this Inconvenience: And I doubt not, my DERRY-DOWN, will be as much in Vogue, as the now-much-admired LATHER-EM-JOHN.

27 MR 59

THE

[vii.]

THE
DEDICATION.

To the learned and celebrated Mr. PAUL HIFFERNAN, M. D. Author of the *inimitable* TICKLERS, and of the justest and wisest REFLECTIONS, a Physician ever made; --- In the Reach of all Capacities, even the Admirers of CLARISSA.

S I R,

AT the same Time, that I pray Forgiveness, for my Freedom with your Works; give me Leave, to sue for Protection to mine. Though I have been at more Pains, about your REFLECTIONS, than (perhaps) any other would: For while Men devote themselves to Trifles, it cannot be expected, they will bestow a Thought, on the Adept of *Common Sense*.-- Yet (I doubt not) there are many Lines in the *BALLAD*, will be exclaimed against: *Excellence, so distinguished as yours, cannot, in any Disguise, escape the envious Lash of "those Gentlemen, whose chief Game is an unfortunate Author."* The Support and Patronage I seek, none (that I know) is more generously inclined, or more undoubtedly able, to give, --- than you. Though my Lady COMMON-SENSE be no way allied to you; yet --- (suffer not your great Modesty, to disown your Influence on her!) --- your own DEDICATION gives me Reason to believe, you can, with as much Ease, prevail on her, to espouse my little *BALLAD*; as you did, to patronize your Book. Your recommending me to her Friendship, as that will be sufficient Sanction to my *BALLAD*, will make me, as much your obliged Servant,

As I am, Sir, --- Your excessive
Admirer,

SCRIBLERUS.

III. The DEDICATION.

For the Benefit, or *Amusement*, of the Reader, it may not be
amiss, to insert the following

ADVERTISEMENT;

Which came out a little before the REFLECTIONS.

On Monday next, the 20th of this Instant June, 1748, will be
delivered to the SUBSCRIBERS,

Reflections on the Structure and Passions of Man.

In the Reach, of all Capacities, even the Admirers of
CLARISSA.

L-c-s, and his willing *Junto*, having strong *Suspensions*, that this
Book is written by the Author of the TICKLER; redouble their
Lu-tu-bu-ti-ous, to enable themselves to attack it. --- The
Manager's Task is, to study *Strahl's English Grammar* (which
he so frequently affronts) as he is to have the *Syntactic Part*,
of this *elaborate*, and *original Piece of Criticism*; which is to
outdo *RAPIN*; and shew, *BOUHOURS* was a *Black-Head*.
--- The Author undoubtedly waits the vigorous Onset.

When GREEKS fight GREEKS, then is the Tug of WAR.

N. B. At the Request of several Ladies and Gentlemen,
this Book will be sold, for the Subscription Price 3s. 7d. ---
by the Publisher, Mr. JAMES HOEY, --- at the Sign of
MERCURY, in Skinner-Row; --- and no where else.

Two celebrated French Critics,

THE



THE
M A R R O W
OF THE
TICKLER'S Works, &c.

1.

YE Pedants, Quacks, Block-heads, and Coffee-house
Smarts;
Who, with Pertness, supply the Defect of good Parts!
For Learning, no more go, to College, or Schools:
The TICKLER will make you, more wise---or more Fools.
Derry-down, &c.

2.

He'll tell you such *Secrets*, as will you surprize,
That --- "You hear, with your *Ears*; and you see with
your *Eyes*;"
That --- "the *Feet* are two *Pillars*, on which People *Walk*;
And the *Tongue* at once serves us, to *taste* and to *talk*."

3.

"It's *delicate Sentiment* greedy doth haste,
After such *Titillations*, as flatter the *Taste*;
While the wide-scenting watchful *Nose* warms you, to fly
Such Bodies, as stink, and offend you, when nigh."

4.

He says --- "Wou'd ye try, if your Senses be sound;
You may scent, if ye fancy, the TICKLER all round:
From each *Pore*, of whole fragrant *Spiraculum*, flows
A *Perfume*, he ne'er to the Curious denies."

5. He

--- Vide Reflect. Page 12, 13, 14, 35, and 37.

Page 35. End of Tickler, No. 6.

Page 34.

5.

He as wisely explains, as he well understands,
The Use, of your *eldest Companions*, your *Hands*.

"They *usher a Lady*, their Owner defend;

"And, by them, at *each Part*, you embrace an old Friend."

- *Derry-down*, &c.

6.

"To *perceive* and *reflect*, are the chief End of Man :

"Some have the first *Article*, & other few can :

"Yet they *live to be aged*---(like Book-worms) on *Shelves*,

"Or--- (like Cockles) in *Shells*,--- without *studying them*---

"*selves*."

7.

"This *Chain of Reflections*, then all Men should use,

"That a *Study* so needful may help to *diffuse* ;

"Those *Land-marks*, to *point out a Field*, for the Mind ;

"Those *Matches*, --- to kindle a Light for the Blind."

8.

The Man must be monstrously learn'd, without Fail :

He says--- "*Learning* two-fold is, *Local* and *Real*."

"The *Local*---(He tells all the Curious, that ask) ;

"Is *Liquor*, you *tap* from another Man's *Cask*."

9.

And does he not --- (that there are three Kinds of *Love* ;
Metaphysical, *Physical*, and *Moral* ;) --- prove ?

And assert, --- "that it is, but to tumble to *Bed*,"

"And get little *Children*, that People should wed."

10.

"Who are *blest*, with that *precious Gift*, *Reason*," I ---

He cautions, --- "they never *abuse* it with *Drink* ;" (think,

But--- "when they *perceive*, it is going to roam, ---"

"The *Body*, in *Time*, to bring *carefully home*."

11.

"In vain do the *Fair* all their beauties display ;"

"*Grim Death* knows no *Love* :--- " *Life's a Debt* we
must pay."

This Comfort, however, he gives by the by ---

"If we never decay, ---that we never shall die."

12.

"Ye *Gentry unchristian* ! --- say --- what *Profits* rise,

"From *quitting Religion* ?" --- "Ye'll see with your *Eyes*"

(The

Reflect. 15, & 50. Vide Pref. Reflect. Page 6. Page

Page 67. Page 115. Page 119. Page 109.

Page 140. Page 137. Page 22. Page 157.

(The TICKLER assures you) --- "No greener the Grass;"
 "Nor will the Wine sparkle the more in your Glass."
Derry-down, &c.

13.

To censure his *Morals* no Mortal can dare.
 He begins, with *Reflections*; and ends, with a *Pray'r*.
 Like him were all, --- Life they'd as freely lay-down;
 As he --- "till next Term, --- takes his *Leave* of the *Town*."

14.

Yet, --- he's conscious -- "*Confederate Dunces* will strain,
 "For bitter *Investives*, their *costive* dull *Brain*;
 "And say --- thar, in *Scandal* licentious and bold,
 "He's awed, by no *Shame*; by no *Danger*, controul'd."

15.

He waits the fierce *Onset*, design'd for his *Name*:
 For since "*Dirt* is cast, at the *first Sons of Fame*;
 "'Twere vain, to hope --- *Envy* at him will not spurn,
 "Or let undisturbed his little *Lamp* burn."

16.

"When-e'er he attacked any *Vice* of the *Time*,
 "In *humorous Prose*, or *satyrical Rhyme*;
 "The titled *Dunce*, *town Smart*, and *ruffical Loon*,
 "Cried--*Rascal*, *Fool*, *Madman*, *Ape*, *Viper*, *BUFFOON*."

17.

But --- "their *Spleen*--- (who *feloniously* limp after *Fame*,
 "By *scurrilous Satyr*) --- still misses it's *Aim*:"
 For --- "tilting *Wits* *burlesque* *God's Creatures* the while;
 "And *Dirt*, that they *pelt*, on themselves will *recoil*."

18.

"When *Wretches* will scribble, in *Nature's* *Despight*;
 "What *Blunders* are *crowded*, in each *Line* they write?
 "They may wreck their *slight Barks*, 'gainst his *Towering*
Rock;
 "For, know, *self-supporting* He'll stand the bold *Shock*."

19.

"*True Wit*, like *Gold ductile* is, *ad Infinite*;"
 And, beyond *Imitation* of *Art*, appears bright.
 The *Lyon's* great *Prowess* who finds in an *Ass*?
 For "*Art* is to *Nature*, but the *Looking-glass*."

20. When

* Vide. Tickler, No. 8. * Tickler, No. 6. * Tickler, No. 8.
 * Tickler, No. 7. * Reflect. page 86, * Page 84. * Page
 49. & 87. * Tickler, No. 6. * Page 82. * Page 83.

20.

When *Greeks attack Greeks*, there is Reason for Fear :
 "A *Fool's Bolt* is soon *shot* : " --- He defies you, my
 Dear."

No Giant was ever afraid of an Elf : (itself.)
 And--- "the *TICKLER's* more *dang'rous*, than *Danger*
Derry-down, &c.

21.

Beware then, ye Critics and censuring Blocks !
 His Book who condemns, he will challenge to *Box* ;
 A Manner of Fighting befits Men of Parts :
 For --- " *Natural Boxing's* the *eldest* of *Arts*. "

22.

Nor dare to presume, want of Courage to call,
 The *TICKLER's* Aversion to Powder and Ball :
 "In ev'ry Respect, he's as *certainly* dead,
 "That's *kill'd* by a *Fist*, as by *Iron* or *Lead*." :

23.

The *half-learned Parasites*, " --- whose *nice Remarks*
 To their *Dinner's* proportion'd ; --- and clot-headed Sparks,
 Whose *Text* is --- "There's *Nothing new* under the *Sun* ;"
 Cry out --- *his Reflections* are none of *his own*.

24.

But--- you'll ne'er meet the like, search the Universe
 through,
 " * Men *fir'd* with *true Genius*, still find something *new*."
 "Those *blest* with *like Talents*, think like Men of Parts :"
 But, the *TICKLER* out-does the most fam'd in all *Arts*.

25.

He laughs at your Dunces, whose Writings are fraught,
 With *Sense* and *Coherence*, and (what they call) *Thoughts*.
 Whatever he wrote, has confessedly shown,
 The *less* it has of them, the *more 'tis his own*.

26.

To *please* and *instruct*, should be each *Author's View* ;
 And sure --- the *REFLECTIONS* are *moral* and *new*.
 Does *Novelty please* ? --- Is *Variety sweet* ?
 You no where such *odd motley-Mixture* can meet.

27.

Who write but one Language, but one Language know,
 His mixing *French*, *Latin*, and *English*, must shew, ---
 (Though

* Tickler, 4.

* Tickler, 7.

* Ref. page 50.

* Ref. Page 50.

* Page 7.

* Ref. Page 8.

* Ref. 53.

Page 64.

* Ref. p. 8.

* Page 7.

(Though some this may *Pertness* and *Ignorance* call)
How much he has read.--- "Education is all."*

Derry-down, &c.

28.

¹ "Some famous for *Learning*, by *Accident* grow;
"And--- to other Men's *Wit*, their own *second-hand* owe."
The TICKLER disdains, the least Hint to purloin;
And can, with like ease, a new *Word* or *Thought* coin.

29.

Others tediously tire, with a sameness of Style.
The TICKLER --- to lighten his Reader's great Toil,---
Now swells above Bombast; now lowers his Strain,
And drags through the Kennel, his "short easy CHAIN."

30.

Most Authors their Book are believ'd to compose,
E'er Subscriptions they seek, or Conditions propose.
He, scorning to act like the learnedly dull,
Wrote not a Line,---'till the Subscription was full.

31.

Three ^a Shillings his curious REFLECTIONS will buy,
Such a Book --- (though 'tis small) --- You can't purchas'd
too high:

'Twill teach you the Use, of your Limbs and your Gold.
Experience is best, when 'tis paid-for, --- we're told.

32.

'Twere easy enough, for the stupidest Wretch,
"By stealing dull Pages, a dull Book to stretch."
"It ^o enervates a Writing, --- to spin it out so,"
'Tis best short and sweet, --- as his Readers all know.

33.

His own Writings prove -- (if you'll into them look,)
The Price should not swell, with the Bulk, of a Book.
"In a Pint of Wine's less, for a Shilling, 'tis clear;
"Than a Half-penny'll buy, in a Quart of Small-beer."

34.

Then "let oeconomical Critics complain!"
To pretend, to have Taste, for dull Niggards, is vain.
"The Seven-wise-Masters, at three-Pence, they'll find,
"For Matter and Quantity, more to their Mind."

35.

His ^p Motto advises you--- "Study yourself:"
His Book too will teach you, to value your Pelf:*

^pTwill

* Refl. page 53.

¹ Page 64.

^m Pref. Refl. page 6.

^a Vide. Proposals.

^p Tickler, No. 8.

^p Vide. Title Page of Refl.

'Twill make you, all other Proposals disdain;
And more cautious, - - to whom you subscribe e'er again.
Derry-down, &c.

36.

It's cheapness, who reads it, then (sure!) will confess;
And that 'twould be cheaper still, if it were less:
For, who would begrudge, were two third-Parts away,
For these *Folia Sybillæ*, the full Price to pay?

37.

Perhaps, the unlearn'd may (to know) be in Pain,
What these Latin Words, *Folia Sybillæ*, can mean.
They're REFLECTIONS, by frantic Euthusiasts made;
Plain truth, wrapt in Non-sense's mystical Shade.

38.

"The Graduate Back-gammoners, Conners-of-News;
"And Folk-of-the-Faculty, this saying use--"
"They expected another Work, from one, that quaff'd
"Of HIPPOCRATES' Brain."---So "they fretted,--- He
"laugh'd."

39.

Then come the *sty Sneerers*; --- "The poor Man! Oh!
Lord! ---
"But - - what! - - Of the *Structure*, he says not a Word!"
Without *anatomizing* the Parts, --- if he had ---
As ye'd not understand him, --- were it not as bad?

40.

If any presume, of *Neglect*, to accuse
Common-sense's Adopt, and the Child of the Muse;
Or say--- A Physician such Things should not slight;
"His true Answer is --- He'd a Mind for to write."

41.

But---th' *Effects* of *Necessitous Hunger*,---no less,---
Than those of a Fever, --- no Mortal can guess:
A dire gnawing Stomach makes many a Sinner,
The TICKLER himself owns the Force of a DINNER.

42.

This Opinion Old *Punctum-cum-virgula* drops,
"The Gentleman knows not the great Use of Stops."
Thou Duncer in Totality! None read, much less
Judge a Book, --- who can't mend all the Faults of the Press.

43.

Joke Crackers, and pretty young Fellows will plump,
Without reading the Book, damn it all in the Lump:
Because

* Tickler, No. 8 * Vid. Dedicat. Reflect. &c. * Reflect. page 7.
* Reflect. 101. * Tickler, 2. * Tickler, No. 8.

Because *Common-Sense* the Man dedicates to;
 And his Book - - - (as he says) is all rational through.
Derry-down, &c.

44.

Though some of his Foes may - - - ('tis likely) exclaim,
 At his making such free Use, of *Good Sense's* Name;
 Yet his DEDICATION must make them allow - -
 He'd be an Adept - - - If he could but tell how.

45.

Affraid - - his Book would not itself recommend - - -
 (You see) he bespoke *Common-Sense* for his Friend.
 Since *Worth* never thrives, unless *Patrons* sustain;
 'Tis Int'rest does all: - - - Inward Merit is vain.

46.

But - - - then for his Passions! - - - consider them right;
 They are not so bad (as you fancy them) quite:
 Besides - - - once, for all - - - this remember, (I pray)
 "The Title's REFLECTIONS, and not an Essay."

47.

Some near-sighted Dolts, (who the like never met,
 In their Circle of Reading,) - - - are apt, to forget,^b
 And blame sprightly Sallies of Wit; - - - though "great Merit
 "Those only should judge, - - - who possess kindred Spirit."

48.

But - - - think not, what's bright, for Physicians unfit:
 "Apollo's the God, both of *Physic* and *Wit*:"^c
 And this is a Maxim, - - - that "Wit's - - - to the Skill,^d
 "Of the Man, that prescribes - - - like the Gilding a Pill."

49.

If you urge - - - that the TICKLER's of Wit not so full; - - -
 Consider - - - "the brightest are oftentimes dull."
 "Great Wits have their Foibles; ' For Mankind is frail.
 "The Sun has its Spots;"^e - - - and the TICKLER may fail.

50.

He knows the Opinion, the Town of Him had;
 Remembers the Saying - - - that "All Wits are Mad:"^f
 And therefore - - - the Name of a Mad-man to quit,
 Resolves - - - He'll betray not his Madness by Wit.

51.

And, - - sure! - - 'tis but just, that same Wit to reject;
 That oft' gains it's Owner so much Disrespect:

"A gay

^a Tickler, No. 8. Ibid. ^b Page 97. ^c Page 27. ^d Page 32.
 Page 84. ^e Tick. No. 7. ^f Page 83. ^g Page 93.

"A *gentle* *Flow*, that plays round a *Flow*:"

"As *gentle* *flow'd*, and *forgot* the next *Hour*:"

Derry-down, &c.

52.

System-builders in *Physic* he holds at the *Rate*,
Of *Druggists*, who *prattle* of *Matters* of *State*.

"In each *Art*'s a *Punctum*, that cannot be *past*,"

To his *Glossers*, the *Quick* then; - - the *Cobler*, his *Last*.

53.

More-over - - Who after *Wit* *nautiously* *strain*,
Themselves, and their *Readers*, alike put to *Pain*.

"A *Genius* *infallible*'s granted to *few*:

"Who *always* *speaks* *witty*, and *writes* *witty* too?"

54.

He hopes, that the *FAIR* will be kind to his *Book*;

Though the *Name* of *Physician* they hate as a *Puke*;

"For all-in-all take him" - - (he tells them) - - By *Jove*;

"He's not so *damn'd* *shocking*, or *unfit* for *Love*."

55.

"In *Limbs*, he's *proportion'd*, in *Body* though *gross*;

"In *Humour*, he's *various*, now *pert*, now *more* *so*;

"To *Ladies* a *Slave*; - - When *contented*, a *King*;

"*Gay*, *good-natur'd*, *pervish*, *phantastical* *Thing*."

56.

But, I need not *defend*, or keep more *Coil* about,

What a *previous* *ADVERTISEMENT* - - (e'er it was out) - -

And a *TICKLER*, proclaim'd - - against *Envy* a *Proof*;

And - - for your *low* *Pride*, and *low* *Taste* good enough.

57.

Besides - - If it any thing *curious* can *yield*, - -

It's own *matchless* *Excellence* is the best *Shield* - -

If not - - there's no fighting, with *Truth*, and with *Fame*;

"*Bad* *Works* ever *punish* their *Authors* with *Shame*."

Derry-down, &c.

¹ Reflect. 69. ¹ Tickler, No. 6. ² Reflect. 83. ¹ Reflect. 84.

² 82. ² Reflect. 61. ² Tickler, 7. Vid. Ref. P. 86.

² Tickler 8.

27 MR 59

E T N I S.